

THE
MEMBERS
TO THEIR
SOVERAIGN.

*Te nascente novum Parcae cecinere Puellis
Survitium, & dederunt Regna superba tibi.*

By the Author of the Curious Maid.

O Thou design'd by Nature to controul,
And in the Center plac'd to guide the *Whole*,
What praise to suit thy Merit shall we bring
Or how great Limb thy nervous glory Sing?
From thee our nobler Tallents we derive,
Courage to *Act*, and cunning to Contrive,
With thee we Flourish, and with thee we Fall,
Of Health, thou sure Prognostic to us all.

When Chance or Vigour do's expose thy Face,
Tho' Prudes may Frown and gravely quit the Place,
Soft Maids with giddy Eyes thy Lustre see,
Dazzl'd like Slaves at Eastern Majesty;
They Smile, and Blush, and Peep, and Fly, and Turn,
And in the pleasing Conflict, Chide, and Burn,
No Steel like thee their Paleness can Relieve,
Ev'n Widdows by thy Aid, forget to Grieve.

What tho' with *Blood* thy Conquests oft are *Stain'd*,
To either parties Joy, they still are gain'd,
Nor dost thou Swell, vain glorious, with Success
But after *Action* still retir'd and less
The Hero, and the Sage, at once Confess,
That thou art Just thy very Foes agree,
Partial to no Condition or Degree
Nor e'er consult the Fair one's Pedigree,
But visit both the Wealthy and the Poor
And *Knock*, like equal Death, at ev'ry Door.

Honour that fullen Guardian Power, who Dwells
In unfrequented Caves, and Barren Cells,
How e'er resolv'd, her folding *Gate* unlocks,
Unable to Resist thy mighty Shocks,
Yet some pretend their Art a Paradox,
Tho' *Blind*, yet Bold, tho' *Dumb*, yet teach to Speak;
Strong without *Bones*, and thro' your conquests Weak.

But

But *Nature* on the Vigour still Relies,
And for her fading Labours hopes Supplies.

On Boldly then your youthful Heat employ,
And strenuously Force, your Way to Joy,
Yet all Excesses, as Pernicious Shun,
Nor strain the 10th laborious Heat to Run
By curst'd Ambition led, or fond intreatys Won.

So long with Matrons will you find respect,
Maintain your *Crimsin Blush*, and form Erect,
Pleas'd we'll Pursue, where are you lead the Way
And your lov'd Laws implicity Obey;
By Day by Night, thro' Heat, thro' Winters Snow,
Fatigue and Danger scorn'd, we'll Boldly go,
Not coldly Asking why, when you Command,
For you in Reasons place, Triumphant Stand.

Stat pro ratione veretrum.

Long in superiour Glory may'st thou Shine,
And may we ne'er thy active power Survive,
Scorn'd shall we be, when thou can'st Charm no more,
And slighted by the Sex we pleas'd before,
Strong as thou art, thy stubborn Neck must Yeild,
On Day Reluctant thou must quit the Field;
Then shall the Nymphs thy drooping Head deride,
Tho' now the Maiden Dream and Matrons pride.

Hence gloomy Thought while yet our Monarch Reigns,
And the warm Torrent Boils within our Veins;
And thou Great Chief the gloomy Thought forgive
Nor Skrin'd with sudden Grief but rise and Live;
Thee to some fond expecting Maid we'll bear,
And Beds of Roses for thy bliss Prepare.

May no Alarms your softer Hours Annoy,
Still in sweet Peace repeat the kindly Joy;
May no Disgust e'er lessen your Desire.
No Flatus raise thee with deceitful Fire,
No spells (from slighted Nymphs) your Courage foil,
While on your self you shamefully recoil
Or vainly for the imperlant Moment Toil;
But above all, Dear Wanderer be free
From the infected Rover's Infamy,
Dire Plague, which Heaven long reserv'd in Store,
To Damp the envy'd Joy, too great before,
But if the Powers this perfect Bliss deny
And needs must punish your Inconstancy;
Rather when Old and loaded with Renown
A *Priapism* all your Labours Crown,
And may you prove the *Dildo* of the Town.